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R. CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOK

(No. 2)

CONTAINING

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE FARMER'S BOY

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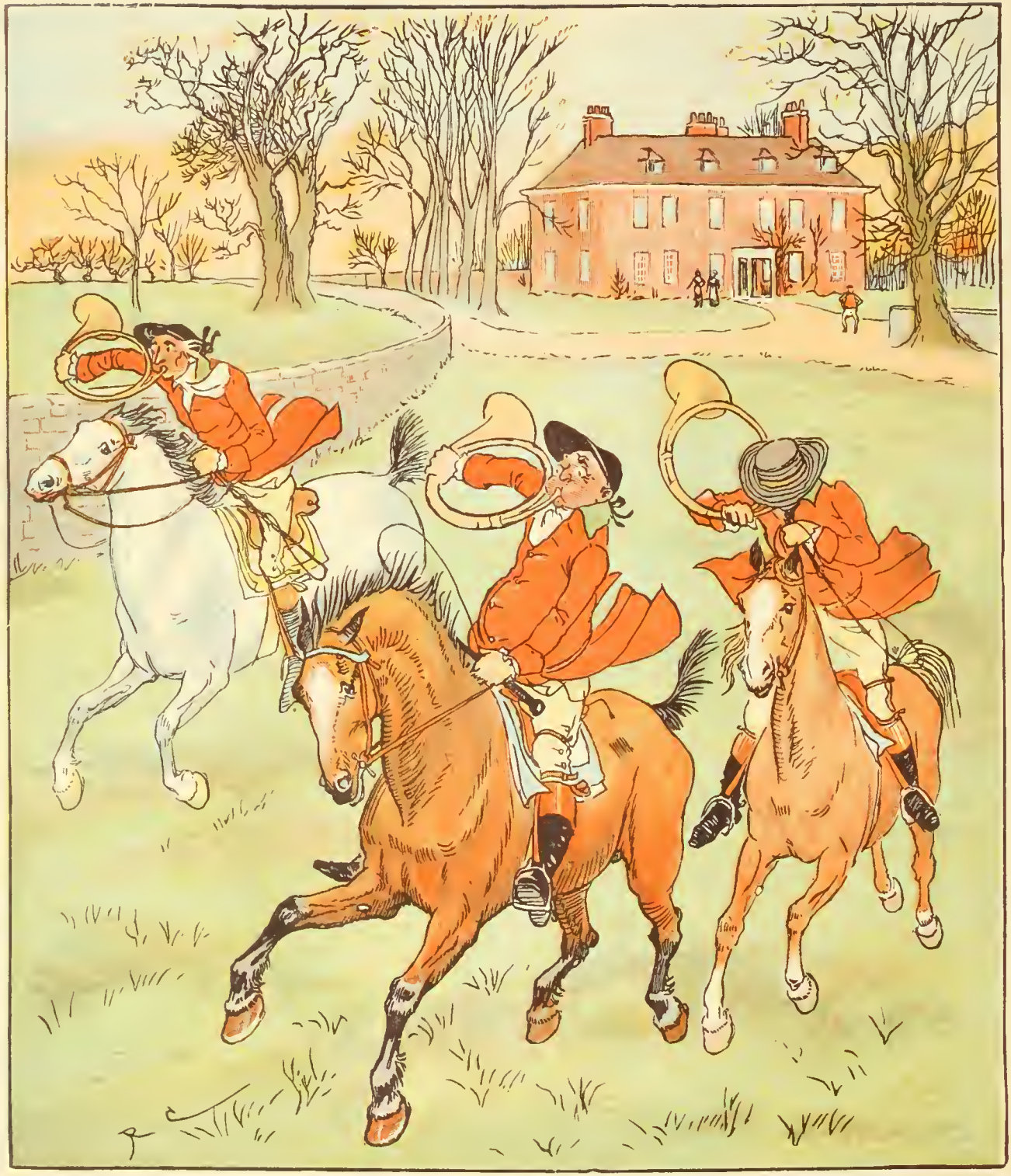
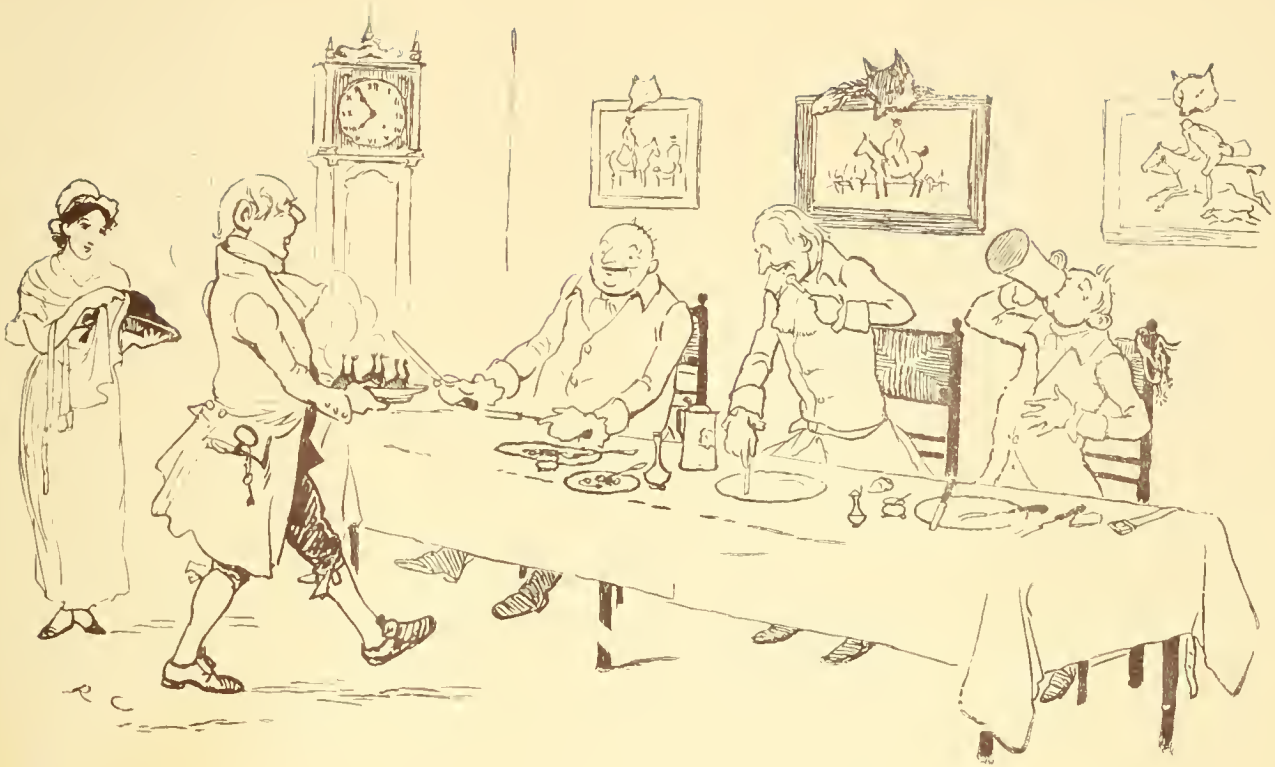
THE
THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.





The

THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

IT'S of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go,
An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also
Look ye there!

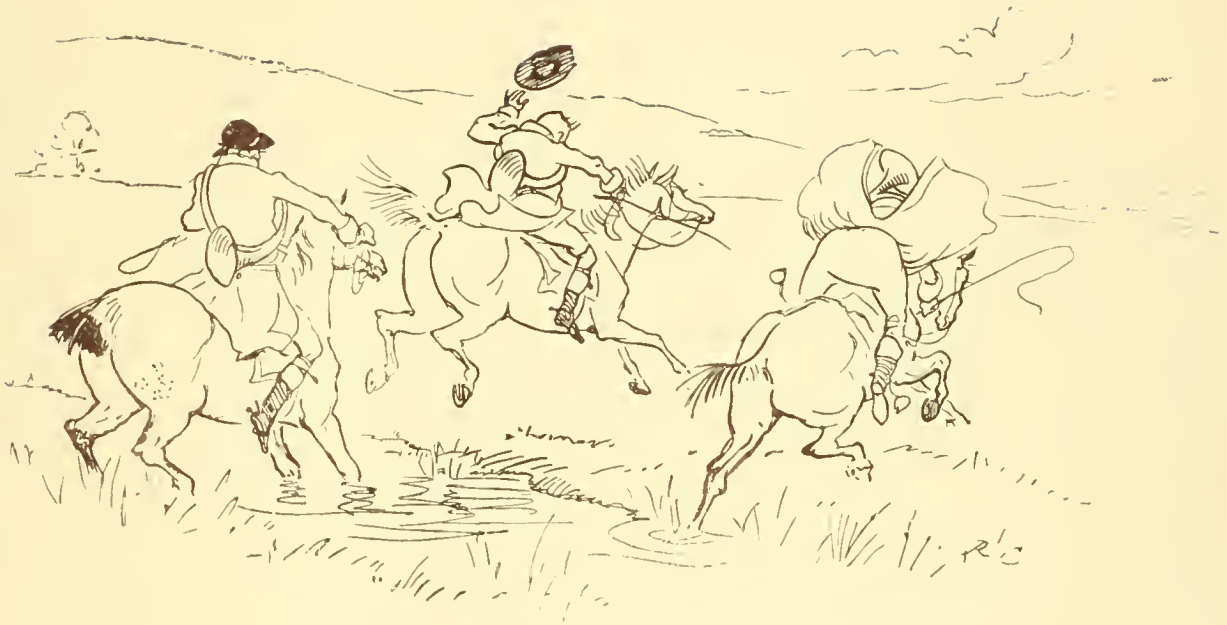
An' one said, "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r noses reet i' th' wind

An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet o' summat to our mind "

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find
Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said it was a boggart, an' another he said "Nay;
It's just a ge'man-farmer, that has gone an' lost his way."
Look ye there!



They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Nay;
It's nought but an' owd fossil cheese, that somebody's roll't away"
Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Nay;
It's just a painted jackass, that has never larnt to bray."
Look ye there!

They hunted, an they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay;
They 're no but little angels, so we 'll leave 'em to their play."
Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said it was a fat pig, but another he said "Nay;
It's just a Lunnon Alderman, whose clothes are stole away."
Look ye there!

They hunted, an they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind.
Look ye there!

One said that they were lovers, but another he said "Nay;
They 're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come, let us go away."
Look ye there!

So they hunted, and they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun,
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day was done.
Look ye there!

Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we'n powler t up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."
Look ye there!

SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE

R C

Sing a Song for Sixpence,

A Pocketful

of Rye;

Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds

Baked

in a Pie.

When the Pie was opened,

The Birds began to sing;

Was not that

a dainty Dish

R C

To set before the King?

The King was in

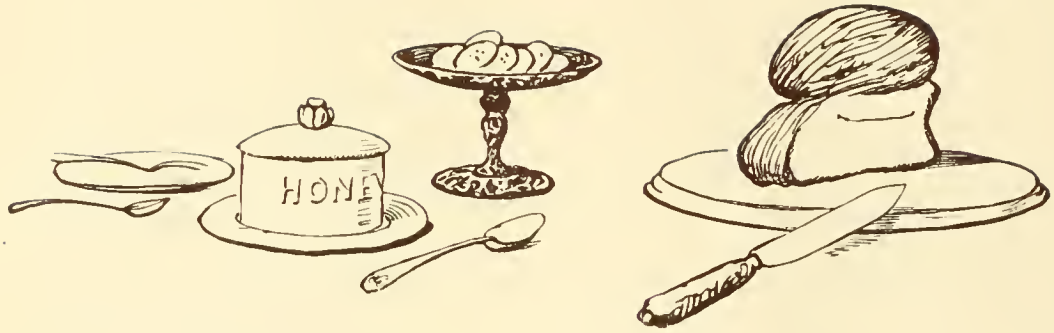
his Counting-house,

Counting out his Money.

JACK
CALENDAR

The Queen was in

the Parlour,



Eating Bread and Honey.

R.C

The Maid was in

the Garden,

Hanging out the Clothes;

There came a little Blackbird,

And snapped off her Nose

But there came a
Jenny Wren
and popped it on again.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Art of making TARTS
The Complete History of JAMS
R C

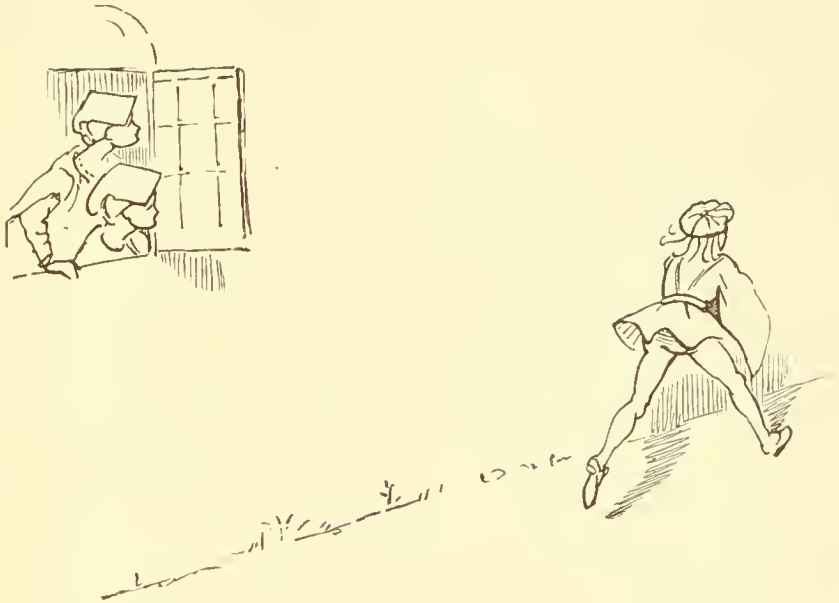
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

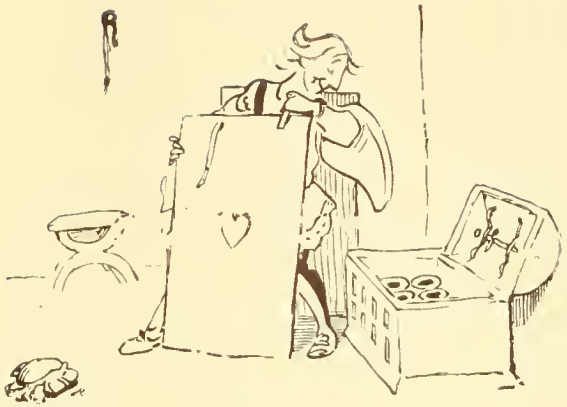
THE Queen of Hearts,
She made some Tarts,

APRIC
BLACK CURRAN
LADY FING
RAS
GREE
CURR
APL
PEAC
STRA BERR

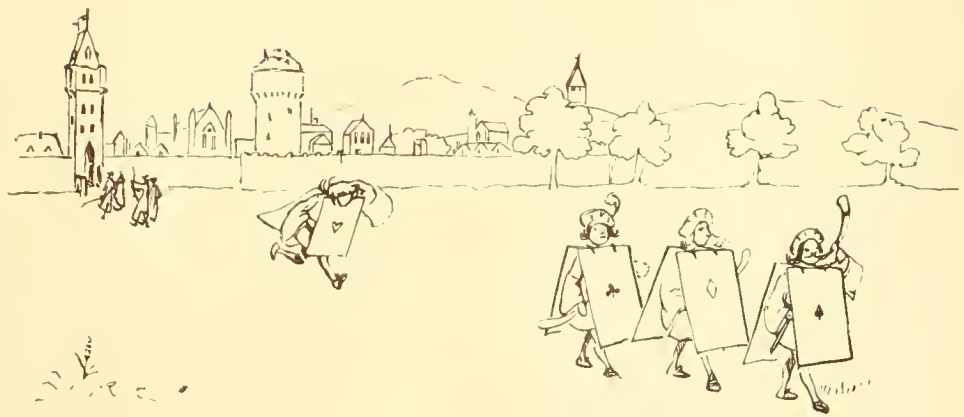
All on a Summer's Day :

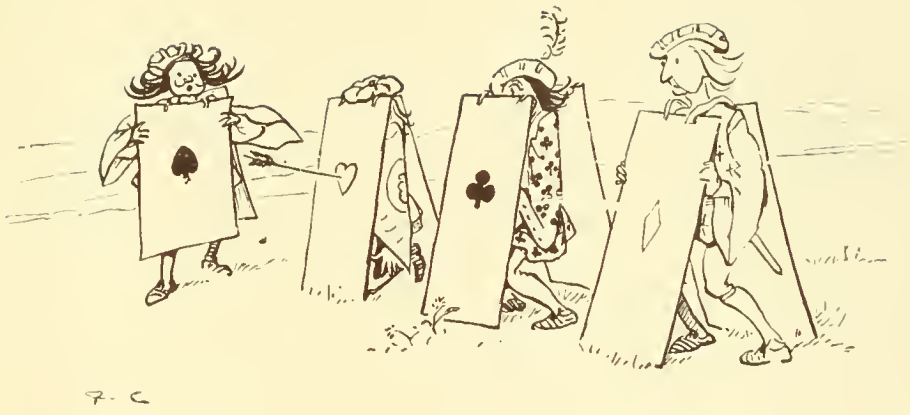
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those Tarts,





And took them right away.





The King of Hearts,
Called for those Tarts,

And beat the Knave full sore :

The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back those Tarts,

And vowed he'd steal no more.

THE FARMER'S BOY

THE FARMER'S BOY.

WHEN I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's HORSES,
With a GEE-wo here, and a GEE-wo there,
And here a GEE, and there a GEE,
And everywhere a GEE ;
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh ?

When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's LAMBS,
With a BAA-BAA here, and a BAA-BAA there,
And here a BAA, and there a BAA,
And everywhere a BAA;
With a GEE-WO here, and a GEE-WO there,
And here a GEE, and there a GEE,
And everywhere a GEE;
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh?

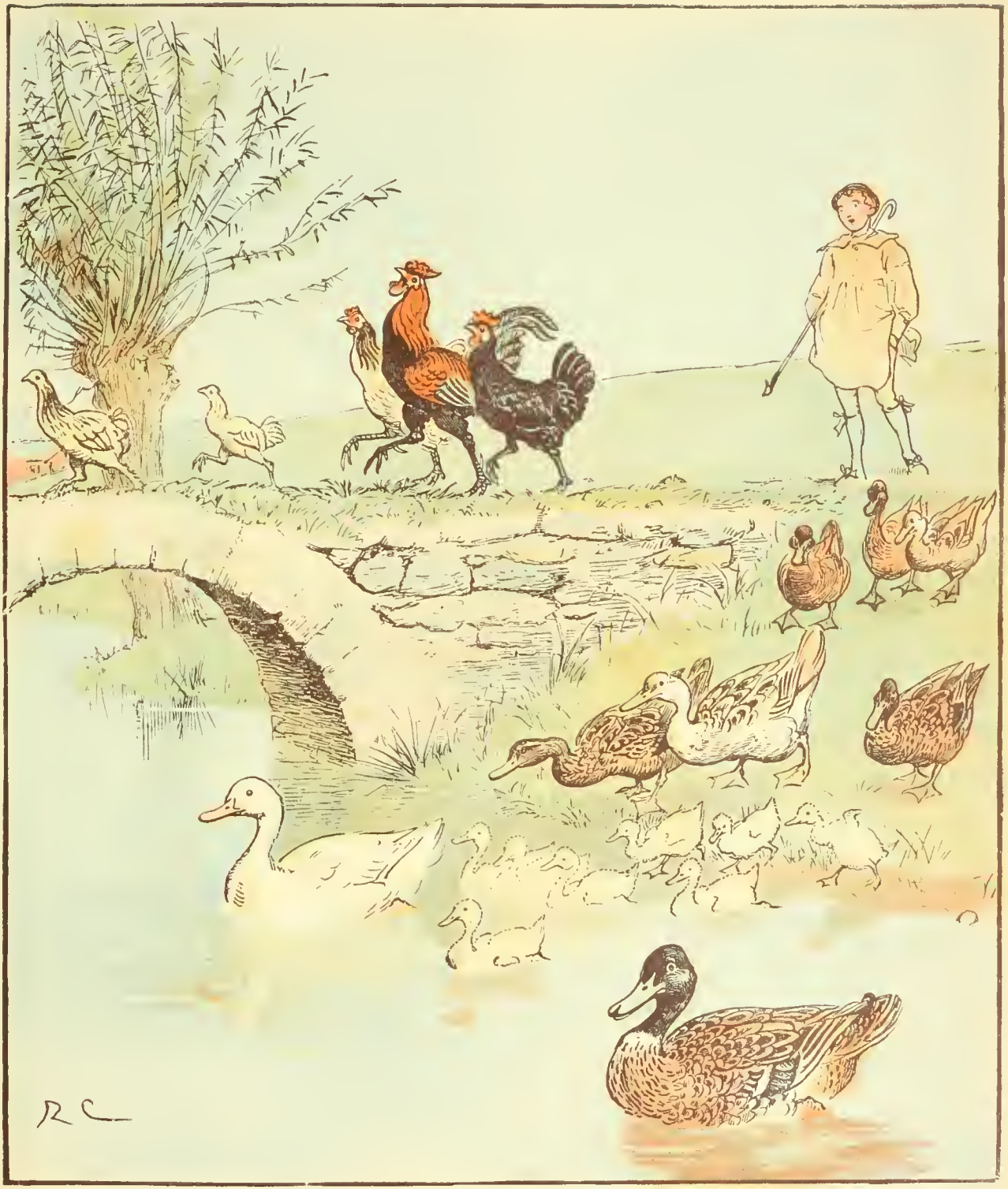
When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's HENS.
With a CHUCK-CHUCK here, and a CHUCK-CHUCK there,
And here a CHUCK, and there a CHUCK,
And everywhere a CHUCK ;
With a BAA-BAA here, and a BAA-BAA there,
And here a BAA, and there a BAA,
And everywhere a BAA ;
With a GEE-WO here, and a GEE-WO there,
&c., &c., &c.

Says **I,** My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh ?

When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's PIGS,
With a GRUNT-GRUNT here, and a GRUNT-GRUNT there,
And here a GRUNT, and there a GRUNT,
And everywhere a GRUNT;
With a CHUCK-CHUCK here, and a CHUCK-CHUCK there,
And here a CHUCK, and there a CHUCK,
And everywhere a CHUCK;
With a BAA-BAA here, and a BAA-BAA there,
&c., &c., &c.
With a GEE-WO here, and a GEE-WO there,
&c., &c., &c.
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh?

H
MAP

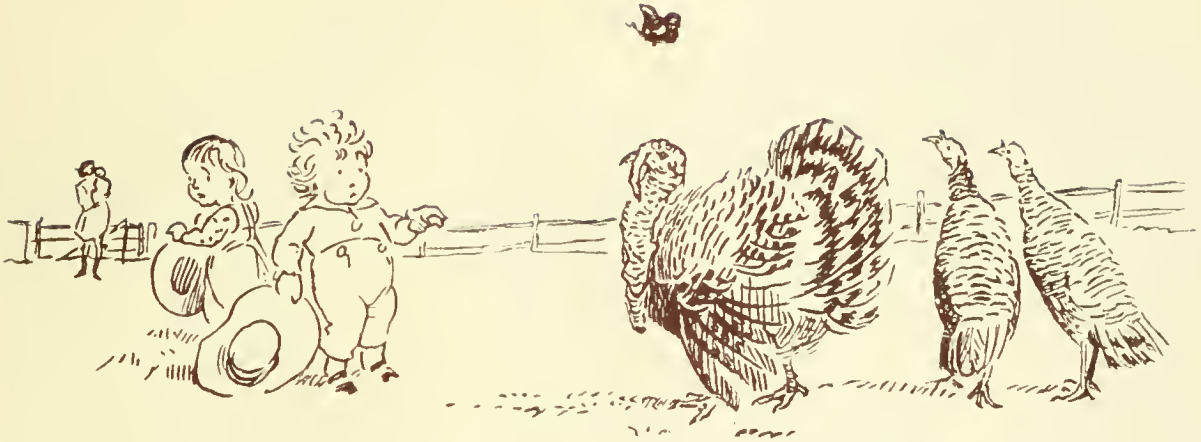
When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's DUCKS.
With a QUACK-QUACK here, and a QUACK-QUACK there,
And here a QUACK, and there a QUACK,
And everywhere a QUACK;
With a GRUNT-GRUNT here, and a GRUNT-GRUNT there,
&c., &c., &c.
With a CHUCK-CHUCK here, &c.
With a BAA-BAA here, &c.
With a GEE-WO here, &c.
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh?


RC

When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's DOGS,
With a Bow-bow here, and a Bow-wow there,
And here a Bow, and there a Wow,
And everywhere a Wow;
With a Quack-quack here, and a Quack-quack there,
&c., &c., &c.
With a Grunt-grunt here, &c.
With a Chuck-chuck here, &c.
With a Baa-baa here, &c.
With a Gee-wo here, &c.
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh?

When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's CHILDREN,
With a SHOUTING here, and a POUTING there,
And here a SHOUT, and there a POUT,
And everywhere a SHOUT;
With a BOW-BOW here, and a BOW-WOW there,
&c., &c., &c.
With a QUACK-QUACK here, &c.
With a GRUNT-GRUNT here, &c.
With a CHUCK-CHUCK here, &c.
With a BAA-BAA here, &c.
With a GEE-WO here, &c.

Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks of the Aire oh?



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's TURKEYS,
With a GOBBLE-GOBBLE here, and a GOBBLE-GOBBLE there,
And here a GOBBLE, and there a GOBBLE;
And everywhere a GOBBLE;
With a SHOUTING here, and a POUTING there,
&c., &c., &c.
With a Bow-wow here, &c.
With a QUACK-QUACK here, &c.
With a GRUNT-GRUNT here, &c.
With a CHUCK-CHUCK here, &c.
With a BAA-BAA here, &c.
With a GEE-WO here, &c.
Says I, My pretty lass, will you come to the banks
of the Aire oh?

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
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